VaGUE

50¢

MAGAZINE

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VaGUE MAGAZINE
ISSUE *1

AS TRANSLATED BY

MARY VONWESTPHAL

there are few, very few, great artists in any age. but there are hu-
-ndreds and hundreds of men and women w/ genuine artistic talent &
artistic feeling, who produce quite lovely works...NOT MASTERPIECES
..NOT IMMORTAL..NOT "GREAT"..yet they are lovely, and will keep the-
-ir loveliness a certain number of years, after which they will die,
and the time will have come to destroy them. — D.H. LAWRENCE '28

Be More Than a Victim

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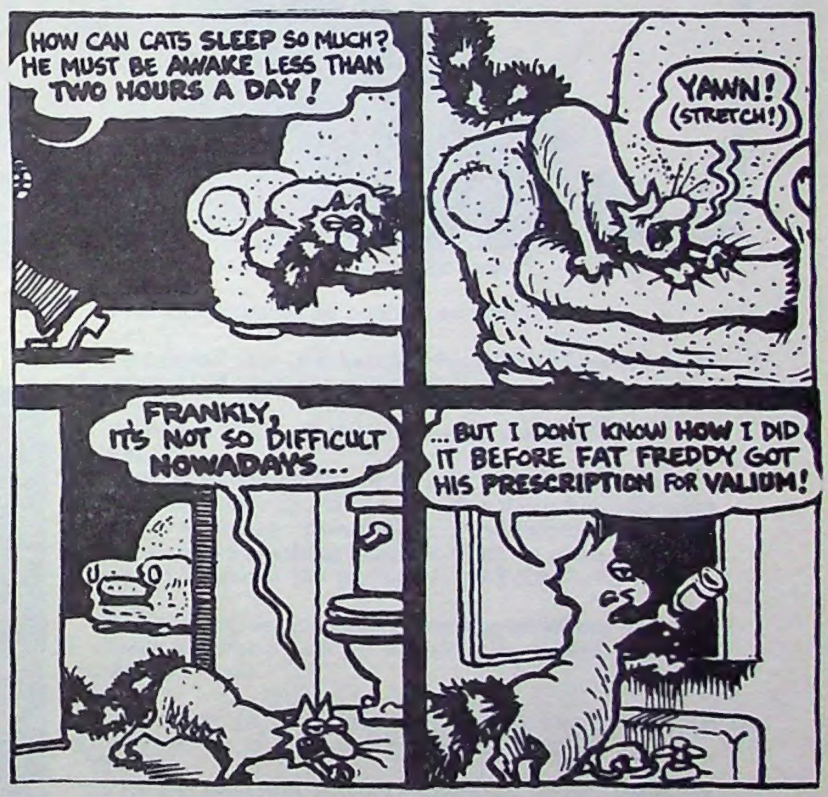

HOW CAN CATS SLEEP SO MUCH? HE MUST BE AWAKE LESS THAN TWO HOURS A DAY!
YAWN! (STRETCH!)
FRANKLY, IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT NOWADAYS...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I DID IT BEFORE FAT FREDDY GOT HIS PRESCRIPTION FOR VALIUM!

THANX FOR: PAUL VERLAINE, D.H LAWRENCE, HARRY CROSBY, Black Sun Pub.
A SEASON IN HELL, VALENTINO/NIJINSKY, HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL GRAVEYARD
PLUNGERS: HELLIN, TRUDIE, MARY-RAT, and especially TRIXIE, TOM WAITS
BEEF-EATER GIN, THOMAS-JEROME-NEWTON and ARNOLD CORNS, THE SCREAMERS
RICHARD HELL, "THE RAIN-CHECK"BAR, JAMES JAROSZ, GRIMSLEYS MORTUARY,
SEVENTH HEAVEN, JOHNNY-JOEY-DEE DEE-MARKY, "BLACK IDOL", STEVIE SAL-
-AZAR, THE NEW BARBARIANS, LOUISE LASSER, ZIPPY THE PINHEAD, LEAPORD
LAGER, JOHNNY CARSON, SLIPPED-DISC RECORDS, THE CLASH, FENDER GUITARS
SALT OF THE EARTH AND ROCK-N-ROLL NIGERS

...all contributions welcome.. nothing submitted will be subjected to any form of censorship as we do not patronize bullshit....

WHAT WILL THE 80's BRING

...BESIDES "1984"...

Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious. 1984 – GEORGE ORWELL

In the old days [it ran], *before the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful city that we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable place where hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and thousands of poor people had no boots on their feet and not even a roof to sleep under. Children no older than you are had to work twelve hours a day for cruel masters, who flogged them with whips if they worked too slowly and fed them on nothing but stale breadcrusts and water. But in among all this terrible poverty there were just a few great big beautiful houses that were lived in by rich men who had as many as thirty servants to look after them. These rich men were called capitalists. They were fat, ugly men with wicked faces, like the one in the picture on the opposite page. You can see that he is dressed in a long black coat which was called a frock coat, and a queer, shiny hat shaped like a stovepipe, which was called a top hat. This was the uniform of the capitalists, and no one else was allowed to wear it. The capitalists owned everything in the world, and everyone else was their slave. They owned all the land, all the houses, all the factories, and all the money. If anyone disobeyed them they could throw him into prison, or they could take his job away and starve him to death. When any ordinary person spoke to a capitalist he had to cringe and bow to him, and take off his cap and address him as "Sir." The chief of all the capitalists was called the King, and—*

"You are prepared to give your lives?"

"Yes."

"You are prepared to commit murder?"

"Yes."

"To commit acts of sabotage which may cause the death of hundreds of innocent people?"

"Yes."

"To betray your country to foreign powers?"

"Yes."

"You are prepared to cheat, to forge, to blackmail, to corrupt the minds of children, to distribute habit-forming drugs, to encourage prostitution, to disseminate venereal diseases—to do anything which is likely to cause demoralization and weaken the power of the Party?"

"Yes."

"If, for example, it would somehow serve our interests to throw sulphuric acid in a child's face—are you prepared to do that?"

"Yes."

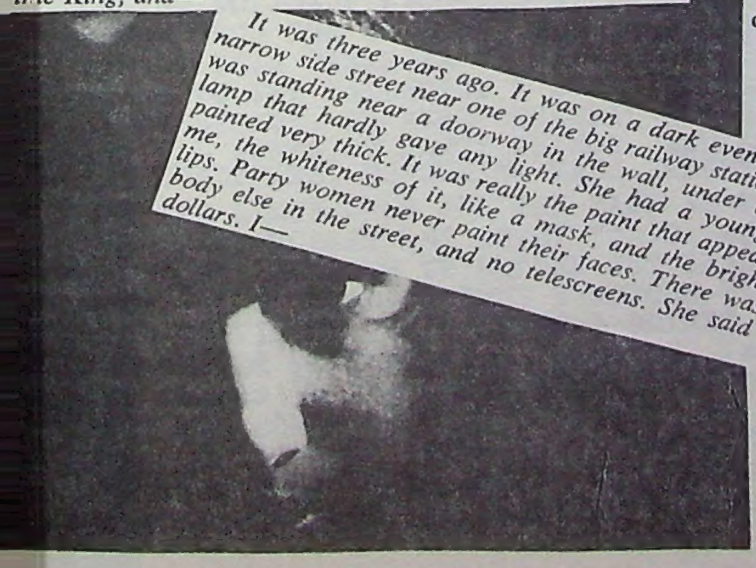
"You are prepared to lose your identity and live out the rest of your life as a waiter or a dock worker?"

"Yes."

"You are prepared to commit suicide, if and when we order you to do so?"

"Yes."

It was three years ago. It was on a dark evening, in a narrow side street near one of the big railway stations. She was standing near a doorway in the wall, under a street lamp that hardly gave any light. She had a young face, painted very thick. It was really the paint that appealed to me, the whiteness of it, like a mask, and the bright red lips. Party women never paint their faces. There was nobody else in the street, and no telescreens. She said two dollars. I—



"PASSAGES" FROM GEORGE ORWELLS "1984"

PATTI SMITH GROUP in L.A

"..HIT AND PISS ACROSS THE SKY"...

..5-4-3-2-WAVE!!...

.. WHEN THE PATTI SMITH GROUP COME TO L.A. TO PLAY. IT IS TRUELY A STIMULATING EXPERIENCE. YOU CAN'T SIT THROUGH ONE OF THIER SHOWS AND NOT BE SOMEHOW MOVED. MENTALLY.. PHYSICALLY.. OR SPIRITUALLY.

"YOU'VE GOT TO BE ALIVE MAN"
-stiv bators

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE ORIGIONAL DIE-HARD FANS, ONE OF THE VOLUNTE--ER ENLISTED TROUPERS (state troupers patti) FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT IN PATTI'S "ARMY OF MANIACS", BACK WHEN OUR FIELD MARSHALL WAS STILL EARNING HER STRIPES. AND STILL, YOUR A LOYAL AND PERSISTANT FAN W/O ADDING INSULT TO ADMIRATION, THEN WE'LL PROBLEY KNOCK HEADS DANCING AT THE NEXT SHOW.

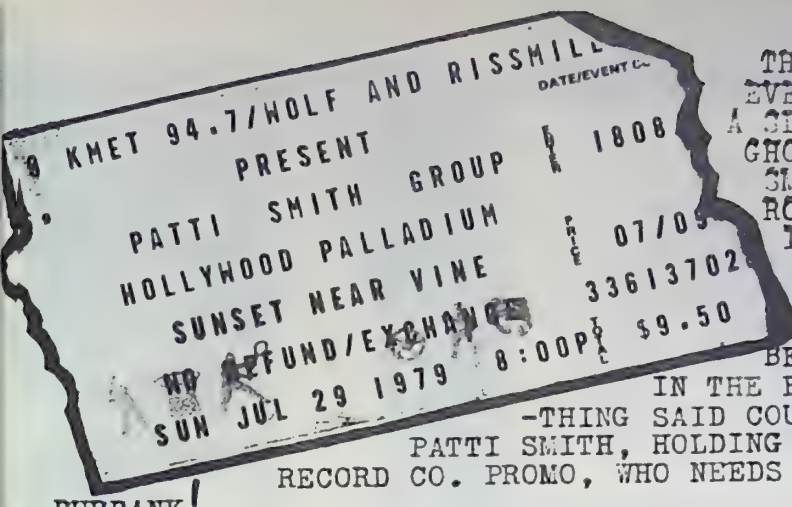
AT THIER LAST SHOW HERE AT THE HOLLYWOOD PALADIUM, I SAW ONLY A HANDFUL OF THOSE REAL KIDS LEFT. THE PLACE WAS OVERFLOWING W/ BODIES BUT THERE WERE STILL, JUST THOSE "KIDS" HEARTS AND FISTS PUMPING THAT JUST LIKE ALWAYS, MADE IT SUCH A MORE COMBUSTABLE CONNECTION W/ PATTI. NO MATTER HOW MANY CIRCUS CLONES INFECT THE AIR, EVERY FAN IS DELIVER--ED THE RECOGNITION HE, SHE, OR IT DESERVES. IF YOU WERE KNOCKED TO THE GROUND, SMACKED, SMILED AT OR SPIT ON, YOU DESERVED IT. AND IF YOU FEEL THAT WHOLE ERA OF MAGIC W/ PATTI IS OVER, THEN YOU NEVER REALLY DID OVERFLOW IN BRAINIAC AMOURE' THE WHOLE TIME YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THAT HIGH TENSION WIRE W/ HER, YOU WERE IN THE WRONG TIME AND SPACE

THE PALLADIUM SHOW WAS GREAT. I WAS NEV--ER SO READY OR PREPARED FOR ONE OF PATTI'S SHOWS IN MY LIFE, WE GOT A ROOM AT THE HO--TEL SO WE COULD CELEBRATE SAFELY W/o FEAR OF THE POLICE (LICORICE PIZZA PARKING LOT ACROSS FROM THE WHISKEY IS A NO MORE) AND I FELT THIS PARANOYA OF NEEDING TO BE SO CLOSE TO THE PALLADIUM I COULD CRAWL THERE IF NESSESARY. WE WERE CEREBRAL ALL DAY DO--ING ALL SORTS OF NASTY THINGS. AND LIKE THE CONEHEADS, CONSUMING MASS AMOUNTS...

WHEN THE LIMOS CAME FOR THE BAND WE FIGURED WE SHOULD PROBLEY GET READY TO GO. WHEN THE BAND LEFT, WE KNEW WE BETTER GET READY TO LEAVE. WE CHANGED CLOTHES NUMEROUS TIMES, TRIED TO FINISH THE CASE IN 3 DRINKS, HAD A SCAVANGER HUNT FOR A RAZORBLADE, (a spec--ial thanks to the hotel deskclerk) WE GOT THERE TWO SONGS LATE, FOUGHT OUR WAY TO THE FRONT AND TOOK IT FROM THERE. PATTI STILL DOES THAT PUMP W/HER PELVIS AND SINGS " RE--DONDO BEACH" FROM THE HEART TO THE HEARTS..

SATURDAY, THE DAY BEFORE THE PALLADIUM SHOW. THE P.S.G MADE AN APPEARANCE AT THE HUN--INGTON BEACH LICORICE PIZZA (DONT ASK WHY H.B. I STILL ASK MYSELF.. WHY? WHY??.... WELL MAYBE CAUSE THEY HAVE THE OVERDOSE OF "NEW WAVERS" (the ones who ruined the buzzcocks, the clash, iggy and all other rocknroll fun--tions) THE YEAR BEFORE THEY HELD THE APPEARANCE AT THE LICORICE PIZZA ON SUNSET BLVD. THEY THEN HAD MADE AN EFFORT TO GIVE PATTI SOMEWHAT OF A SACRED WELCOME TO L.A THAN THE AFFORE MENTIONED SCENE AT THE BEACH. (REMINDED ME OF "GIDGET GOES TO HELL") PATTI ARIVED THROUGH THE BACK DOOR (BACK DOOR MAN) TO A MAULING CROWD OF BLEACHED IDIOTS EA. DETERMINED TO TAKE A PIECE OF PATTI SMITH HOME W/THEM. THIS MADE IT QUITE DIFFICULT FOR EVEN PATTI'S FAN CLUB TO GREET HER. SHE CALLED ALOT OF PE--OPLE "ASSHOLES" AND REFUSED TO GIVE HER "FUCKING AUTOGRAPH" TO THOSE ASSHOLES. TAKEN BORED W/ THE WHOLE AFFAIR, SHE WENT BYCYCLE RIDING W/ HER YOUNGEST FAN, THE LITTLE FORKED HAIRED KID WHO THREW JANIT/PLANIT INTO THE DRUMKIT AT A GARAGE PARTY WHERE THE KLAN WAS PLAYING. (I WANT TO SEE THIS KID EVERYWHERE I GO) meanwhile: DNV GAVE ME THIS TRANS-PARENT AUTOGRAPH YOU CAN READ IF YOU TILT IT JUST RIGHT IN THE LIGHT, (HIS PEN WAS ON E) LENNY TOOK A PICTURE w/ ME. AND PATTI PARKED HER STINGRAY, AND DISAPEARED AGAIN, OUT THE BACK DOOR TO THE LIMO.

LATER THAT NIGHT, PATTI WAS TO GIVE A POETRY READING IN SANTA MONICA THIS WAS LAST MINUTE INFORMATION, AND THOUGH WE FUCKED OFF SO LONG THAT WE HAD MINUTES TO GET THERE, WE DIDNT HAVE A GREAT FEAR OF HITTING A CEN--TER DIVIDER(etc.) OR ANYTHING THAT WOULD KEEP US FROM NOT GETTING THERE AT ALL, WE HAD TILL MIDNIGHT TO GET THERE,BUT WE GOT THERE LATE. . . IT WAS MAINLY MY FAULT I WILL ADMIT. FINDING "THE" BEER, CLEANING THE POT,FINDING OUT WHERE I EVEN WAS • BUT DID GET THERE, JUST AS THEY TAPED UP A SOLD OUT SIGN IN THE BOX OFFICE. ME NEVER BEING AFFECTED BY THE WORDS "SOLD OUT" , RUSTLED UP 4 TICKETS (thank you patti smith fan club) W/ IN IO MINUTES. WE WENT IN, PATTI WAS NOT ON YET. (or was she) WE SECURED ROOM ON THE FLOOR UP IN FRONT OF THE STAGE, AND WHIRED OFF TO THE BATHROOM TO SMOKE.



THE THEATRE WAS COMPLETELY FILLED, EVERY SEAT TAKEN AND THE FLOOR LIKE A SLUMBER PARTY WAITING FOR THE GHOST STORIES. PATTI CAME OUT TO A SMALL TABLE W/ READING LAMP. THE ROOM STARTED TO VIBRATE W/ EUPHORIA I KNOW IT WAS THE PRESENCE OF THE PATTI SMITH GROUP, AND THE METHEDRINE THAT MADE MY AIR FEEL SO OPIATED. PATTI SAID BEING IN THE THEARE FELT LIKE BEING IN THE BELLY OF A PUPPY, IT DID. EVERY--THING SAID COULD BE SO INTENSLY FELT. HERE WAS PATTI SMITH, HOLDING CONFERENCE W/HER FANS. WHO NEEDS RECORD CO. PROMO, WHO NEEDS AUTOGRAPH SESSIONS, WHO NEEDS BURBANK!

WHILE SOME FRESHLY ADMINISTERED DRUGS WERE SHOOTING THROUGHOUT MY BLOODSTREAM RACING MY ADRENALIN TO THE FINISH LINE. PATTI PICKED UP HER CLARINET OFF THE PIANO. (WHICH WAS ANOTHER HIDDEN TALENT X-POSED TO ME) SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AND BEGAN TO PLAY W/SUCH AN EXTREME CON-CENTRATION, I COMPLETELY LOST MIKE. (WHICH CAN BE HAZARDOUS) HER CLAR--INET RAPIDLY BEGAN TO TURN INTO SAXAPHONE, HER APPEARANCE BEGAN TO CHANGE. (AND ITS VERY HARD TO EXPERIENCE THIS, WHEN YOU TRY TO FIGURE IF THIS IS, ASTRO-PROJECTION OR OVERDOSE YOU ARE EXPERIENCING) SHE BEGAN TO PROJECT THIS IMAGE OF DAVID BOWIE PLAYING TVC-15 ON THE SAX. MY MIND WOULD REGISTER ALL BUT WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON. ALTHOUGH I WAS THREE FT. FROM PATTI I ONLY SAW DAVID BOWIE IN FRONT OF ME. SOMETHING

ABOUT THIER LIPS. I WAS SO SO ASTOUNDED AND SOMEWHAT RELIEVED AFTER THE FOG IN MY BRAIN WASHED OUT W/ THE TIDE, REFORMING THE FIGURE OF PATTI SMITH. SINCE THE 1st. NIGHT OF POETRY I ATTENDED, CRYING IN THE PARK--ING LOT OF THE ROXY, W/O A TICKET, AND RAINCOAT, AND FEELING SOME--WHAT OVERLOOKED AND UNDERPRIVLEDGED, BUT THEN ADMITTED INTO THE CLUB ON THE GROUNDS OF SYMPATHETIC SINCERITY, AND A GREAT LOVE FOR THE AMER--ICAN POET OF "MY GENERATION." SINCE THEN THIS MAGNETISM FOR PATTI HAS DEVELOPED TO A CHANNEL OF POSITIVE ENERGY STORED "DEEP IN THE HEART OF" A CELL OF RELEASE AND RECHARGE. HER LOVE OF UNEXPLORED REALMS IS TRUELY PROVIDING US ALL W/ A LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES....

YOUTH PERVERSION

I NOTICED THIS CRAVING FOR THE YOUNG
TINY LITTLE BOYS W/ CRAVINGS FOR NONE
IF THEY ONLY KNEW, BEING SEVEN IS HEAVEN
AND IM SO BORED W/ THE WELL HUNG
IF YOU CAN GET THEM IN YOUR POCKET,
JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE
YOULL SEE THIER VERY FIRST REACTION
TONKA TOY SMILES

"Window Shopping"

... who was that man..walking..walking on air..like it was free or something..i noticed his eyes..only because they were so well hidden behind his airport sunglasses.. he looked at everything..realizing it was nothing..pro--ceeded down his path..i followed out of fascination.. his walk was smoother than mine..he was taller..and he seemed to be in no hurry to arrive at his destination. ..if he had one..it was unimportant..he took too many stops..to comb his hair..that did'nt have a hair out of place..re-tie his boot laces..light a fag..zip his leather..etc..by then he had taken a notice..a notice of my liking..i also took a notice of his liking... ..liking me liking him..his walk started to get slower ..smoother..sort of sexual..suddenly..i became convinced. ..i had him figured..he had me figured..since we were both out window-shopping..since suddenly we had become the wrong sex..we seperated..standing in front of sep--erate stores..checking out more merchandise.....

FALLING STAR

horse/ horses/ horsen around/ moving round around fast/ fast in unconsious directions w/ enraged eyes/ unknown dimensions/ physi--cal form feeling a new sensation/ crack your mind/ such a concrete suggestion/ decompression painful confession/ all bloodshed and tension serves as a great lesson/ to play/ you pay w/ stress/ day by day/ be prepared to eat/ all that you say/ so dont chew off more than your palate can stand/ and beware of cords/ that connect to the band/

Radio Ethiopia
P.O. Box 407 Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10016

POEM #2

by Richard Hell and Patti Smith

black is the uniform of poets. we lined them up and gave them new customs.
we lined them up like illuminated shrubbery fertile and glowing. we gave
the trousers the color of bark and shirts of fern. we were pleased w/
ourselves but it would not work for them. they were not working they were
brooding . . . sketched in the sand were the outlines of their attire. colored
in w/ tar and ash. Because we have the earned privilege of redesigning the
appearance of poetry as a result of having been born while the old poets have
died and nothing is immortal except whatever I say.
My aspiration is a spiral similar to a pirate creating aspirin as the parrot appearing
on his shoulder expresses gratitude at having discovered by the means of a print a
spirit that inspires him and implicit
it it loves it.
sitting in this cell for several hours gazing at the mild details of a specific drawing
draws me in. one moment caught off guard and its happening again. i look down at my
hands they are changing. i feel clumsy, angry in my suit of beige police. i
long for the slender dark lines of my prisoner. in a corner are his clothes
suitable for burning and the chattering beak of the mutilated parrot. i've changed.
i'm changing inside. i'm bombarded w/ desire for another memory. the bird/poet lies
sleeping so i scoop some out of him. i don my new clothes. i am brilliant as
coal. shining changing. i am someone elses fuel. my pay checks lie dormant
in the secretary of the commando the murder of poets.
I can also *demonstrate* that I want *more,* much more, than anyone else alive and
so, by means of the most widely acknowledged indication of undeniable logic (nod
off to the original Geek), one must conclude that I warrant the *largest paycheck.*
Following
you will find the demonstration
and also provide it
by enlisting as
my follower.

ii
two of the prisoners in cell 14 seem pleased w/ their new garb. there is a small
hole in the wall where i have installed an agfa lupe 44X. i watch them in
amazement. human tulips jitterbugging against the sonic impressions of a minute
transistor. the best things in life are free but you can give them to the
birds and bees i want money.
i watch them and keep notations in my black pad. they do not brood they scoop and dip.
are they false poets or high members of a new breed of poets. one key. the tune.
i want money
that's all I want.

If I mention to you, say, "one light," — anything — it is not corrupted by money but I
believe that you will indulge me our lunge, with face torn rent by the claws of a
landlord I'm on my knees attempting to assuage them by daily introduction of
another sheer throatfelt cliff drop layer to increase the callous I call a
noise like that . . . *one* . . . *light* . . . by physical earthbound observation emitted by my
mouth to make its body in the chill air six feet beyond and above the edge of the
cliff
and beyond
above the pit above the claw above the groping arms of man above it all like a
senseless joyful bird. i am no longer involved in the material world. just a swift
joke and I'm up up into the waves of the sky. they greet me from below. they call
to me but I can't ever remember answering a call.
i listen for a second then ascend beyond the call.
beyond the call. another sweet and vicious joke.
yet it doesn't matter
even laughter is foreign to me now. I'm

WHO SAYS!

We're another generation. They're rich and living in another world all together. To them it's just another way of making money, They're not playing for the kids, They're not playing for us. To them its just another nine to five job. -JOEY RAMONE

We have fun, the kids have fun, the cops have fun, it's kind of a weird triangle. -JIM MORRISON

We like the music, jazz is strickly for the stay-at-homes. -BUDDY HOLLY

They're always saying I'm a capatalistic pig, I suppose I am, but it's good for my drumming. -KEITH MOON

I'm sick of being Gulliver...I just want to go home to Beckenham and watch the telly. -DAVID BOWIE

Listen, We're a garage band and we're proud of it. -PATTI SMITH

I ain't never lived under 5 floors up. -MICK JONES

The great thing about Nazism is that your parents hate it. -TONY JAMES

Art, If there is such a thing, Is in the bathrooms, Everybody knows that, To go to an art gallery, thats just a status. -BOB DYLAN

In the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes. -ANDY WARHOLE

If I feel like killing a hippie, I will. I don't have to be angry to do that...I'm more of a robot than a person. -SID VICIOUS

I don't like rocknroll anyways. -MICK JAGGER

Dylan gets on my nerves, If you were at a party w/ him, I think you'd tell him to shut up. -LOU REED

I'd rather the MAFIA than DECCA. -KEITH RICHARDS

Rastafarians eat their babies. -PATTI LaBELLE

I'm the kind of guy who'd sell you a rats asshole for a wedding ring. -TOM WAITS

Back to MONO -PHIL SPECTOR

Rock-n-Roll music is about rebellion, years ago it was listening to Elvis Presley when we were supposed to be listening to Pat Boone -JOHN SINCLAIR

Rock music is the nessesary step in the evolution of man. As was L.S.D, Hitler, the electric light and everything eles. -MEL LYMAN

Nothing can really be better than waking up in the morning and every--thing is still the same as it was the day before. Thats the best thing you can have in life, consistancy of some kind. -PETE TOWNSHEND

I only gave up drugs when the Dr. told me I had 6 months to live. -KEITH RICHARDS

Women should be obscene and not heard. -JOHN LENNON

I know I'm never gonna be able to beat them. I dont beleive in other people. They are morons. They must be to stand for all this. -JOE STRUMMER

I AM THE GREATEST! -IGGY POP

I think I think too much, thats why I drink. -JANIS JOPLIN

Sometimes an orgasm is better than being on stage. Sometimes being on stage is better than an orgasm. -MICK JAGGER

You can only live one dream at a time. -DIANA ROSS

I am my mothers boy, I am a mechanicle toy. -CHARLES MANSON

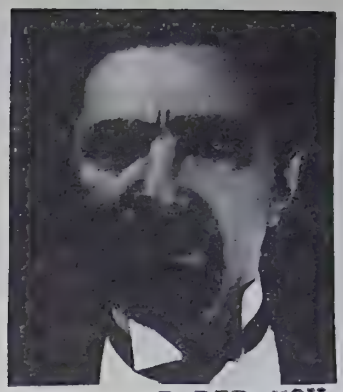
We chose the name because it represents something really cheap and nasty. (CORTINAS) -JEREMY VALENTINE

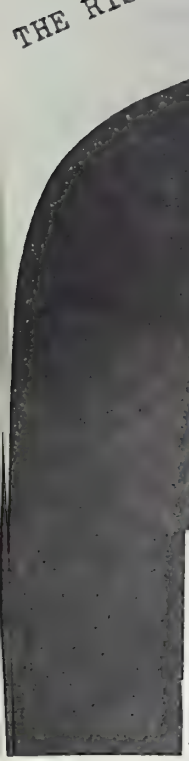
Handling Cherie Curry's ego is like having a dog urinate in your face. -KIM FOWLEY

Lets go watch Mick put on his make-up, that always good for laughs. -RONNIE WOOD

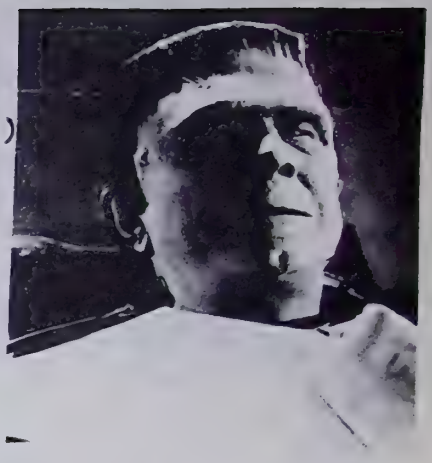
—ALL QUOTES COMPILED BY JOHNATHON GREEN

THE RISE AND FALL OF BELA LUGOSI





"I- AM- DRA-CULA.. I BID YOU WEL-COME"
(Lugosi as Dracula)



Bela Lugosi born in Hungary, Spent the first 35 years of his life there where He began his film career. In 1919 Communism brought him to Amer--ica. Durring His career Lugosi made some of the most classic films in the history of horror. He paced his life fast, working days at a time before he would break for rest.

His film career was in it's peak during the years of 1932-35. In this time he accomplished what would take some thier whole life. After the finish of "The Raven" Lugosi began using larger and larger amounts of heroin. "I KNEW AFTER A TIME IT WAS GETTING OUT OF CONTROL".

Three abusive years had gone by, And in 1938 He journied to England for a cure: Methadone. "I SMUGGLED A BOX OF IT BACK, I GUESS ABOUT A POUND." He continued working and eventually quit the morphine-heroin habit for a methadone-demoral addiction. "I DID NT EAT, I GOT SICKER AND SICKER" Becoming spiritually and physically exausted he admitted himself to a hospitol. At his release his wife cared for and detoxi--fied him at home, decressing his doses till she got him down to a fake bare needle drugless fix.

A few months after his detoxification, his wife divorced him and took custody of his son. "SHE LEFT ME.. SHE TOOK OUR SON.. HE WAS MY FLESH.. ..MY HEART WAS BROKEN.. I WENT BACK ON DRUGS"..

Two years more(after the divorce) he placed himself in L.A General de--claring himself a "drug addict" a judge granted his request for "help" and he was transferred to Metro-State Norwalk

He actually recovered, and went on to do "The Black Sheep" in early '56 he also re-married. His last film "Plan Nine from Outer Space, Was an insult to his career. It was a shitty low-budget shallow piece of trash in which Bela Lugosi appears on screen for three minutes, they USED his name to top the billing. I wish at this time he would have declared him--self BORED, and turned the film down.

On the evening of Aug. 16 1956. Bela Lugosi lay resting in his Holly--wood apt. At 6:45 He suffered what was later diagnosed as: Massive Heart Attack. He was dead. Set Free.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT,WHAT MUSIC THEY MAKE"
(Bela Lugosi)

THE FILMS OF BELA LUGOSI

(films marked: * Lugosi made under the name of: Arisztid Old)

1917: Lulu *
A Leopard *
AZ *
Tavaszi *
Alavcosbal *
Az Ezredes *

1918: Casanova *
Kuzdelem *
99

1919: Neckalace of Death
Daughters of the Night
Sklaven Fremder
Hamlet
Szineszno
Diadalmas

1920: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Last of the Mo--hicans

1923: The Silent Co--mmand

1924: The Rejected Women

1925: The Midnight Girl
The Daughters Who Pay
Prisoners

1928: How to Handle a Women
Wild Strawberrys

1929: The 13th Chair
Vielded Women
Prisoners
(w/ sound)

1930: Viennese Nights
Wild Company
Renegades
Such Men Are Dangerous

1931: Women of All Nations
DRACULA
Broad-Minded
Black Camel

1932: The Murders in the Rue Morgue
Chandu the Mag--ician
The Death Kiss
Island Of The Lost Souls
White Zombie

1933: International House
1933 : (cont.) Night of Terror
The Whispering Shadow

1934: The Black Cat
Gift of Gab
The Return of Chandu

1935: Murder BY Tele--vision
Mark of the Vampire
The Raven
Mysterious Mr. Wong
The Best Man Wins

1936: Shadow of China--town
The Invisable Ray
Postal Inspecter
The Phantom Ship

1937: S.O.S Coast Gaurd

1939: The Phantom Creeps
The Gorrilla
Son of Frankenstien
Ninotchka

1940: The Human Monster
The Saints Double Trouble
You'll Find Out
Black Friday
The Devil Bat

1941: The Invisible Ghost
The Black Cat (revised)
Spooks Run Wild
The Wolf Man

1942: The Night Monster
The Corpse Vanishes
The Ghost of Franken--stien
Black Dragons
Bowery at Midnight
Phantom Killer

1943: VooDoo Man
Return of the Ape Man

1944: One Body Too Many

1945: The Body Snatcher
Zombies on Broadway

1946: Genius at Work

1947: Scared to Death

1948: Abbott and Costello meet Frankenstien

1951: My Son the Vampire

1952: Bela Lugosi meets a Brooklyn Gorrilla

1954: Bride of the Monster

1956: The Black Sheep
Plan Nine From Outer Space

The last thing that Bela Lugosi did in film was a semi--documentary of his early films, cont--aining a short seg--ment w/ Lugosi at the time of his hos--pitolization. The film titled "LOCK UP YOUR DOCTORS" was described by BELA LUGOSI as:
"MY OBITUARY"

LOVE BUTCHERS : DON - drums KEVIN - on bass and drugs JIM - vocals
BUTCH - guitar and vocals

This band should have stired-up some well deserved recognition long ago. If it was'nt for the assasionation of the MASQUE, You might have a clue to the mania. They are quite capable of getting under your skin, tapping nerve, and entering the bloodstream. I-2-3-4

the deadliest role

thee girl who seemed to have it all
thee walk, the talk,
and the staring role
a star against the sky
thee blonde w/ the most
tragic scenes
i watched them off the set
i thought you were rehearsing
joou cried far after
thee director yelled cut
tesars still rolled down your cheeks
when the days work was over
thee studio had locked up
iff i could have i would have
bumt there was nothing i could
reeally have done for you
itt hurt so much to watch
alll the pain you could kill
w/ english gin and your red and blue pills
suffocating in the trauma oi drama
dear damsel of distress
fiinishes the script
closes the scene
lays nerself to rest
thee girl w/ the dream

peice of mind

the american dream camoflagued as liberty
entitles me w/ the right to persue the sceme
cause this is the land of the free
where white men w/ black hearts turn blue
when they bleed
my pledge of alegience is my unwritten agreement
to be deaf, dumb and blind to my countrys own needs
and i'll cast a vote for the all american guy
if he's well built and tan i'll overlook all his lies
who needs civil defense w/ the american world series
ambassador of peace put faith in timothy leary
i fall to sleep each night w/ no doubt in my mind
if the U.S. didnt sedate me all the coruption i'd find
so i place my mind in the hands i can think twice about trust
i'd rather lose my mind to the government
than give the F.B.I reason for my sckull to be crushed
life here is free and america cares about me
cause they tell me what to eat, that i must sleep
and better be happy.

25th century hero

A NEW WAR TO FIGHT!

I can't live without danger . . . it's so boring.

DIE LAUGHING

HERE COMES THE REVOLUTION

SHOCK TREATMENT!

No one's innocent except us..

cannibal jello

'I WANT TO BE WICKED'

WHY THE FUCK

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE.

WHY KILL YOURSELF?

GRAVEYARD

YOU LOVE TO WAKE UP

AUTOMATIC MIND

EXAMINER

Refused to play Russian Roullette

MUSCLE SYNDROME

the concert shrieks when--

Refugee (SPRING '79)

the battle that rages within my mind
is hardly seen on the outer lines
as exploding fragments of my brain
scatter and splatter what remains
as the forces of good and bad, wrong and right
good and evil gather to fight
i am a refugee, i hide from the dark and the light
victim of a battle, w/ no stake in the fight
what are the bounduries of the mind?
and where are the enemy lines?

-JAMES JAROSZ

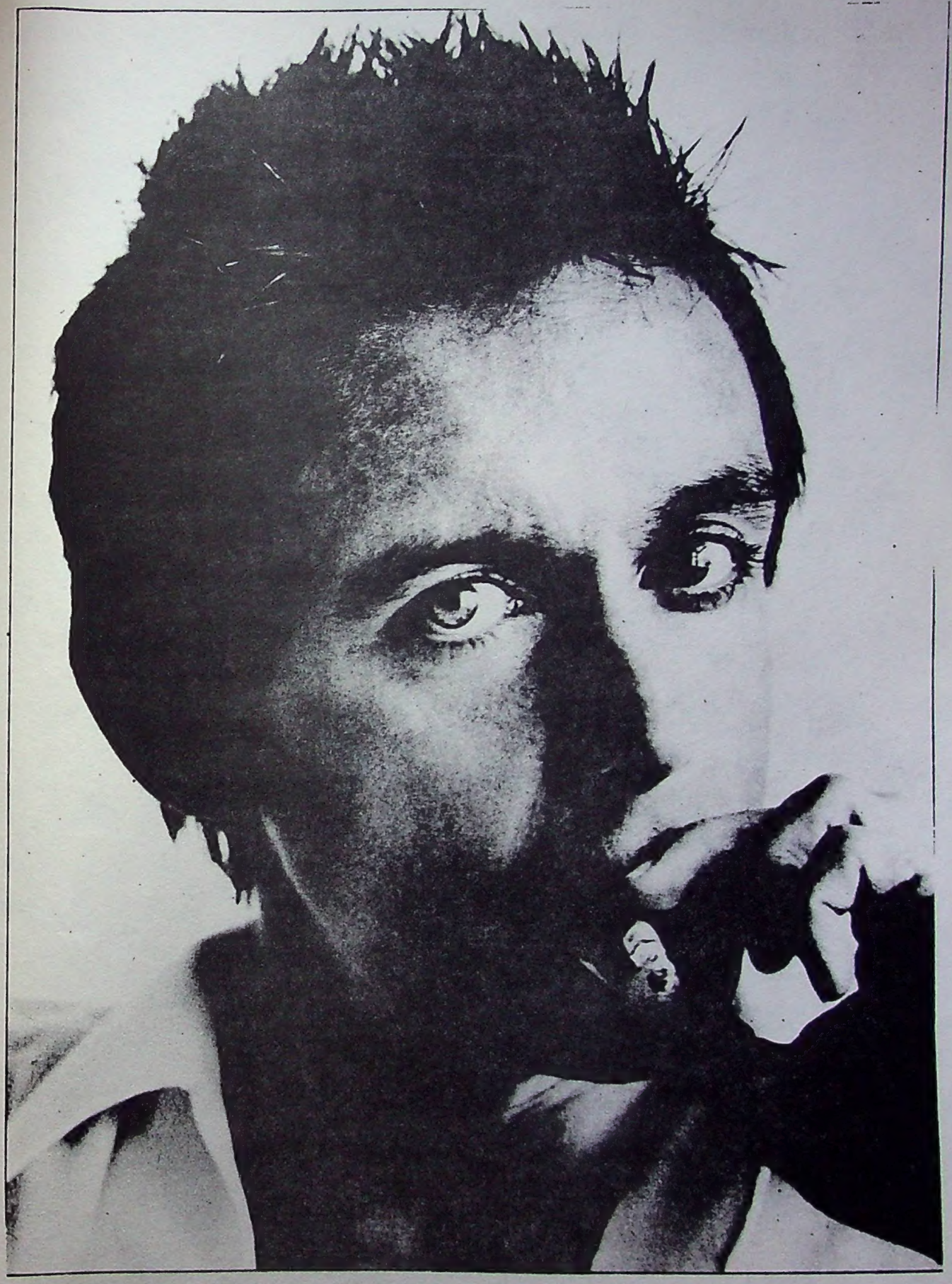
CEREBRAL TELEGRAM:

TOM WAITS
BUNGALOW IN BACK
SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD CA ..... c/o :DESKCLERK

2/27/80 ..... 2;57am
BROOKLYN BRIDGE RAILING
NEW YORK NEW YORK

...THE COMPULSION TO BE INFECTED BY YOUR DISEASE TEARS AT ME...I WANT TO
CRAWL INSIDE YOUR LUNGS...SLEEP WHILE YOU HABITUALLY INHALE BLACK DEATH..
...AND BE COATED W/ CANCER...WAKE TO YOUR COUGH...SLIDE DOWN YOUR THROAT...
.SAND YOUR VOCAL CORDS W/ GIN AND POUR YOUR BREAKFAST...FUCK LIKE RATS IN
A CELLAR...PRANCE AND SLINK ABOUT LIKE CATS ON THE BACKSTREETS...BE IN-
COXICATED BY THE PIANO...PLAY SCALES ON YOUR TEETH...I WANT TO SEEK THE
IZARD ESKIMO SO WE CAN BE SEALED BODY AND SOUL...THEN THE PANIC THAT
CCE POSSESSED OUR MINDS OF TRAVELING LONE WILL DISINTIGRATE AND THE FEAR
PE BETWEEN US OF DIEING ALONE WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE.....
...SACRED DREAMS...
YOUR DERVISH

CALLED HIM HONEY...BUT HE TASTED LIKE CHAMPANE..

CAN'T BEAR TO
THINK
FF HAVING TO
SHARE
LL MY GOLD
W/ THOSE
HO ARE HAPPY
ND QUITE CONTENT
W/ ALLUMINUM.

THE CONSISTANT REVOLVEMENT FROM THE
EARTH MADE HER DIZZY/SHE HAD BECOME
QUITE INSANE FROM THE WHOLE EVOLE-
-MENT IN GENERAL/WHEN THE ROTATION
WAS LINED UP JUST RIGHT/SHE LEAPED
TO LEAVE AND ADVANCED TO BOARDWALK...